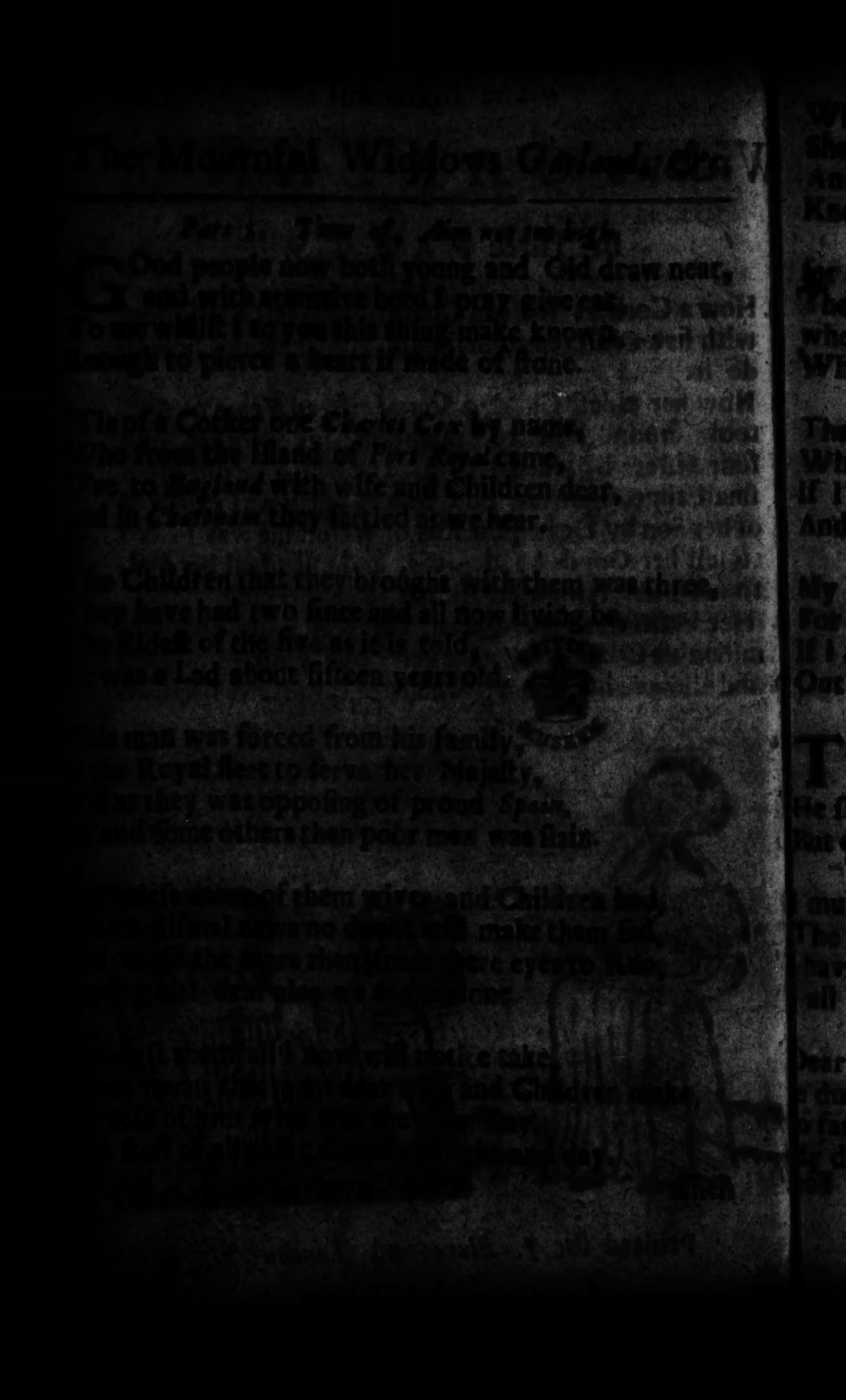
dows GARLAND.

In Three PARTS.

ow a Corkers Wife in Chisham was left a Widow
ith five Children to maintain, and knew not how to
o it.

ow her eldest Child, a Son of Fifteen Years of Age,
ook upon him to maintain his Mother and
our Sisters by Hard Labour, the which he did for a
mall time, shewing how this Woman was deprived
f her Son by Death, for lois of whom she was forced
o sell her Goods by degrees, and left of all her bed,
o keep her self and Children from Starving.
er Petition to the Queen, who seeing her poor and
iserable Condition, gave her Twenty pieces of gold
nd allowed her Forty pounds a Year for her natural

Printed for J. Hart, [illegible]



Pray Mother do not grieve though he is dead,
God will provide for the Widow and Fatherless,
Such are the objects of his Love he cryeth
then with a groan he closed his Eyes and Dyed

Part the Third.

HE buried was the Sun his death did pay,
To make up the sum she sold some goods away
And at the last was forced to sell her bed,
To buy her self and hungry babes some bread.

This being done she made a bed of straw,
On which they lay and this poor Woman saw
No hopes of Comfort then before her Eyes
But her poor hungry babes making sad cryes.

She cryed oh! *Cruel fate where's this to stay?*
Oh this sad great Affliction will me slay;
My sorrow's more then all the whole town,
I fear at last I shall drive me to distraction.

So this passed on a long five hours and day,
She did designe her Children for to slay,
Beginning with the Eldest of them all
Saying Mother what do you designe to do?

To kill me now pray do not fear no pain,
Save but my Life I will a begging go,
To get some food your hunger to asswage,
Pleasing words were these unusefull from her Eyes

Then out she went from Mother for to get
A Young Sailor who having store of Gold,
Seeing her begg he did her then behold.

Seeing this young Creature look so poor,
He then did follow her home unto the door,
And when that he beheld the so sorrowfull case,
With grief the tears did trickle down his face.

So then with tears this Woman did inquire,
To him the cause of all her grief and feare,
Hearing her moan this loving Sailor he,
Gave her a Guine out of Charity.

He said I am grieved to see your condition,
Now will draw for you a Petition,
And take thy Children all along with thee,
And go with speed unto her Majesty.

I write at large the cause of all your woe,
And I with you unto the Queen will go,
Who is the only Woman I am sure,
That's now alive to Comfort the poor.

Hearing those words she wept with joy indeed,
Then to the Court away they came with speed,
And when the Queen heard her Petition read,
Being one of a tender heart she shook her head,

She said bring this poor Woman unto me,
That I may she and her poor young ones see,
They all was brought and one there sees did fall,
The Queen Pray'd unto God to Bless them all.

And